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The Manifesto

THE PUBLIC reception accorded to the manifesto "In the Face of the World's Crisis," signed by more than two score European Catholics of distinction now sojourning in the United States and Canada and published in THE COMMONWEAL for August 21, has been interesting—by and large favorable. One editor of another Catholic paper bought several copies to send to friends—surely the highest sort of compliment! There have been disagreements in detail, which we hope to air in our correspondence columns, and we have had one complaint that no Irish names appear among the signatures. We had always thought "Higgins" to be an Irish name. That no distinguished Irish *citizens* should be found in the list is surely understandable in the light of the fact that the Free State is a neutral in this war and that such an adherence would certainly be embarrassing to any neutral government. There are no Portuguese or Swedes or Swiss, either.

But apart from personal and generally favorable reactions, there was one, appearing in the *New Leader,* which was frankly hostile. Its author, the Managing Editor of that paper, Mr. Daniel Bell, pays the document specific tribute, yet even when he is most flattering, he betrays his intellectual predispositions by a reference to the Syllabus of Errors. And when he really lets loose, it becomes clear that he cannot for a moment admit that any thing explicitly Catholic can also be good. Here is his conclusion: "In the end, the war on Nazism is also then a war on the whole strain of democratic liberalism and modern positivistic science. That is the meaning of Catholic theology—and politics." In other words, Catholics want the United Nations to win—in order that reaction may triumph.

It is easy enough to shrug off this line of reasoning, to dismiss it by calling it muddled, dishonest, prejudiced. To do so is to sin against charity. For the mentality the *New Leader* article displays is a very current mentality, a point of view quite honestly held by thousands of people—and a threat to the civil peace of the West. It rules out Catholicism—indeed Christianity in any organized form—lock, stock and barrel. It echoes Rousseau's conviction that the priest is one of the two great enslavers. It allows of no compromise; it is smart enough to attack the best to be found in Catholicism rather than waste its time on the worst.

Its logical method is simple, and to a surprisingly large number of minds convincing. It works in terms of what might be called "totals." It finds some movements totally good, some totally bad. It sets up key words and concepts and demands that you give them total approval—or else you are a reactionary. It points to a carefully phrased Catholic position and makes of it a total condemnation by the Church of everything believed by people who disagree with that position. It finds that "Aquinas has said more bluntly that the way of life for everyone is determined by the class into which he is born, by the will of Providence," and makes of this a total illiberality: "To rise out of one's class is forbidden." Let it be said parenthetically that this habit of mind, this sort of argument by wholes and *ad hominem* on the grand scale, is no monopoly of any one class or school of men. Plenty of Catholics use it against their adversaries.

What Mr. Bell and many like him cannot get through their heads is that the Church condemns "liberalism," let us say, without meaning thereby to condemn every thought and action which can be characterized by the magic word "liberal"; or that, concerning many matters on the political and secular level, Catholics can and do violently disagree. "Only when one understands that this Catholic doctrine is concerned with the damning of all non-Catholic theory as false and pernicious does the above . . . [quotation] make sense." If for *non-Catholic* Mr. Bell were to substitute *anti-Catholic,* his own sentence might make better sense.

The desperate trouble with this "total" way of thinking is that it politicizes everything. Thus the Catholic who can see no good in anything not Catholic tends toward treating the Church as a sort of political party, aiming, naturally, at total

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power; and by the same token the liberal who finds in every Catholic a reactionary tends to desire total power, so that all reactionaries may be swept from the face of the earth.

Inevitably in such a line of argument Mr. Bell does come to put his finger on what has been a source of reproach to the Church in many lands—the unfortunately frequent association of high ecclesiastics (and sometimes, it would almost seem, the Church) with such men as Franco, Dollfuss, Salazar, Pétain, to say nothing of Mussolini. Many Catholics have wished and prayed that such association had never existed. Mr. Bell asks bluntly: "Is the authoritarian régime—the word is in the best Catholic tradition—of Franco part of the anti-Christian revolution?" Here is an equally blunt answer. To the extent that that régime is based on hatred, contempt for the weak and the poor, belief that the end justifies the means, that might makes right—to that extent (and the continued power of Serrano Suñer is an evil portent) Franco's régime is a part of the anti-Christian revolution. Some of the utterances of the Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon can be read profitably in this connection.

But to ask such a question is to betray one's turn of mind. Saints are rare in this world. So also are completely evil men. No régime is utterly bad; no régime but has its faults. The purpose of political thought is to appraise, judiciously—never "totally." Here is what Mr. Bell finds to be the nub of the manifesto: "Either take a lying absolute—Nazism or Stalinism, or the true Catholic path. But which Catholic path? Saint Francis of Assisi or Torquemada?" We may counter with other questions: which of the two has the Church declared to be a saint? Which of them is known to every Catholic, held up as an exemplar? And which is merely a character in history?

Inter-American Seminar

JUDGING from the opening sessions of the Inter-American Seminar on Social Studies which began in Washington, August 24, this series of meetings in several cities is an important step toward real collaboration among the Catholics of the Americas. It seems to be a distinctly preparatory step. Most of each session is devoted to formal speeches and shorter prepared remarks by scholars and dignitaries of the various American countries. Even the question periods have a decided formality about them. One reason for this may be that remarks are delivered in English, French, Portuguese and Spanish and are followed by an interpreter's exact translation or briefer summary. In this way of course, everyone present hears all that is said. During the first few sessions, at least, the principal addresses dealt with Catholic social principles in general, about which there seemed to be universal agreement, or some aspect of the current crisis as it is related to those principles. On occasion speakers illustrated their points by citing social and economic conditions in their own countries.

Although the procedure of the early meetings was highly formal, the atmosphere of the *mise en scène*—at NCWC headquarters and in the Gold Room of the Hamilton Hotel—is considerably more personal and friendly. The geniality of the highly competent interpreters seems to put everybody at his ease. And after the meetings the delegates split up into little groups to continue their discussions. It is good to know that Catholic social principles have such ardent adherents in all the countries of the Americas. It is also reassuring that leaders in social action think of such principles in terms of the local conditions to which they seek to have them applied. But what is most important in this Inter-American conference is twofold. It is invaluable for these leaders to get to know each other personally. In fact it was easy to sense right off that some real friendships were in the making. Secondly it is a start toward closer collaboration. It paves the way for future conferences where there will be a more lively, informal and detailed exchange of views on practical means of meeting our common problems.

Dieppe

THE NEWSPAPERS printed a street map of Dieppe with the Casino marked and the Promenade and the Hotel des Etrangers and the Hotel de France and the harbor, and it was easy to fill in the things that were not marked—the shops with the pre-war souvenirs, the little boxes made of sea shells, the plaster fisherman standing beside a basket (ash tray), the postcards with a blood red sunset over the sea. It was easy to think of the Newhaven boat docking and the British coming for a weekend and the bright light over the beach and the bath houses and the people bathing and the parasols stuck in the sands. It was easy here in America to think one knew what Dieppe must look like, in France—a small town a little back from the wind and the sea, and the hotels and the Casino in front of the town, overlooking the sea because they were built for the vacation trade which likes to look at the sea, bathe in the sea, watch the fishing boats come in and out of the harbor.

It is not easy here in America to think one knows what Stalingrad looks like in Russia, to think one knows what the Solomon Islands look like in the Pacific. The maps we watch on which the progress of the war is indicated are maps of continents, maps of deserts and seas. In spite of putting Long Island, say, in the margin to give a feeling of scale, it is not easy for us to place the troops of the United Nations in any imaginable

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landscape. The Germans advance into an unknown Russia, the Marines land on an island and they are three hundred miles nearer another island. The military commentators do not tell us here, there is a hill and here a river; they say here, there is the range of the Caucasus, here an ocean, here is Australia, here is Africa, the supply line crosses the Atlantic, the North Sea, supplies and men after a voyage of six weeks have reached a base six hundred miles distant from the point where the supplies will be used, the men will fight. It is not easy for us to feel in our stomachs, immediately, as if you were watching an accident in the street, our full participation in anxiety. It is not easy to be present emotionally in this war.

The Canadians and the Rangers, the Commandos and the Fighting French landed on the beach at Dieppe and then the war, suddenly, was in scale with man. Soldiers landed on a beach where not so long ago people had bathed and sunned themselves, soldiers stormed up that beach and were fired upon from the casino where not so long ago people had sat at tables on the terrace sipping their drinks—and the British wondering why there were no scones—from the semaphore on top of the cliff where not so long ago gay little flags indicated the weather report, machine guns fired down on the beach on the advancing soldiers. The soldiers fought their way into the streets of the town, passed the casino and the hotels and the souvenir shops and fought in the market square of the old town and fought in the square outside the church. They died on the cobblestones in the streets of the old town.

There are the Four Freedoms and the Charter and the Germans have occupied all Europe and long ago we made up our mind about this war, but at Dieppe it all became entirely clear. There are the continents and the seas and the Japanese and it is a world war and a world revolution, but there are Germans in Dieppe, Germans in a small French town and men of the United Nations fought them in that town, in that Provincetown, and the idea of the war became entirely clear and it was that the Germans must be expelled from that and all other small towns in France and from all other small towns in the other countries they have occupied. And they must leave too the cities and the countryside. That, essentially, is what fighting this war means. There are the oil fields, and economics, the evil theory and practice of German rule, there are the vast distances and the millions of German and Russian dead, there are the fleets and the submarines and the convoys, there are plans for federation and for justice, there are all the books which have been, and will be written, but the men who died attacking Dieppe, the men who came from Canada, from far away, and from America, and from England and the Frenchmen who fought with them, died to show us that to fight this war means to accomplish a precise and definite task—the expulsion of the Germany Army from the foreign lands it occupies. They died also in order to make it impossible for us to continue to be heroic in generalizations about the costs and sacrifices involved in this war. They brought their valor and their death so close to us—here is this beach, this town, these cliffs, here are the lives we give—that it is no longer possible for us to mourn their death, applaud their valor as if they existed in some story told. Americans know now what fighting this war must mean. There are the tanks, the planes, the continents, the seas, but the soldier stands in one place only, alone with his courage.

It is easy to be honest about the theory of this war. It is easy to say we will not accept totalitarianism. It is easy to watch the soldiers leave who will execute our collective will—easy until it is my son, my brother, my father, my husband. It is easy to be sure about the whole business. It is easy to be honest in indignation and in resolve. And honest in generous purpose too. We have stood looking off into the distance from a high peak and we have planned a journey with maps and compasses.

At Dieppe we started to march—all of us, the soldiers there and we who are joined to them at home—and our hearts now are anguished and strong.

C. G. PAULDING.

"In Russia ... It's Colder' '

By MARTA WANKOWICZ

DURING the miserable winter of 1940 in Warsaw, when German patrols were arresting people in the streets, searching and requisitioning houses, confiscating food and coal, we often wondered how things were in Eastern Poland, under the Russian occupation. Better or worse? Many people said it was better. Many of them left Warsaw to steal across the new "frontier" dividing the Reich from the Soviet Union. They said that the German occupation was hell and that nothing could be worse, whatever was in the east must be better. But other people came from Eastern Poland and said that the Russian occupation was hell and that nothing could be worse, and that whatever happened in the German occupied Poland must be better. And they brought with them tales of hopelessness and faces of misery.

It was then that I heard for the first time the joke that has since lost its laugh.

"What's the difference between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia?" someone asked me.

I puzzled for a while, and since I couldn't find any difference, I just shrugged my shoulders.

"In Russia," said my friend, "it's colder."

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When I came to America, two years ago, I was glad to see that people seemed to understand how little truth there was in the "fundamental differences" between nazism and communism. In fact I was even surprised to find in many circles such a strong and uncompromising prejudice against whatever touched the hem of the communist robe. The term "communist" was even more or less synonymous with the term "criminal." I wasn't particularly fond of the Russians, but for all that I couldn't make these words synonymous. Before the war I had met some very decent people who were idealistic and enthusiastic communists. But for the sake of retaining whatever good opinion my American friends had of me, I didn't often defend the decency of those people, particularly because at the moment I didn't seem to have an opportunity, anyway.

All this happened long before Pearl Harbor, and quite a few months before June, 1941, before the German invasion of Russia. Since then, in this short span of a year, amazing changes have happened in American public opinion. A year and a half ago I felt outrageously "progressive" speaking of "decent communists." But today, I feel left way behind in this race of admiration for the USSR.

"Don't get me wrong," said Mr. Litvinov at the Overseas Press Dinner in New York, a few months ago. The newspapermen laughed. And I laughed, listening to the radio. For there was one of the Russian puzzles: if you got Mr. Litvinov's speech wrong, you were really right in what you thought of Russia; if you got Mr. Litvinov's speech right, according to his good-humored invitation, you made a great mistake; you misunderstood the country he was representing so well.

Don't get me wrong now. I have nothing against the Russians. They've worked hand in hand with Germany. They invaded and robbed my country, they deported to Siberia, Kazakstan and Turkestan over two millions of my compatriots, they subjected some 120,000 Polish prisoners of war to deplorable conditions. But I have nothing against them. I have no right to, since some of those who suffered, the Polish soldiers, have been released after two years of cold, hunger, diseases and lice, and now fight on the Russian side, against the Germans.

Russia is our ally, the ally of America, Great Britain, Poland. We have to go with Russia now. The Russians fought well in their struggle against the German invaders. Their stubborn resistance and their successes were not only most helpful to the United Nations, but also inspiring and heartening. Our sympathy is with what the Russians are doing. But we have to remember and we have to add: our sympathy is with what Russians are doing *right now*.

It is a pity we have to make this mental reservation. But we have to, although many people don't seem to realize its necessity. They open to those new "allies" not only their tax-paying purses, but also their hearts, which is a much more serious matter. After twenty years of intense isolation on both sides it was natural that the Americans did not know their new ally. But when the Russians joined the team of the United Nations, the Americans gave them the benefit of the doubt. They were glad to see that the bravery of the Russian soldiers and civilians justified their confidence and their friendship. But they don't know their partner beyond the military bulletins. The Americans like fair play and they think everybody on their side plays fairly. But they forget that in Russia they do not play football; they play soccer. And perhaps the rules of the game are slightly different.

A short time ago, in a series of good-will gestures toward the Russian ally, the United States released Earl Browder. He was not indicted for his communist opinions. He was convicted for a passport fraud. Whatever justice there may have been in cutting Browder's sentence short, the President himself indicated that executive action was also an action of courtesy toward an ally.

Let's compare what the Soviet Union did for its allies.

The outbreak of the Russian-German war was followed by the Polish-Soviet pact. General Sikorski, Prime Minister of the Polish Government-in-Exile, obtained from the Soviet government "amnesty" for some 120,000 Polish soldiers and over 2,000,000 civilians who had been deported to Siberia and Kazakstan in 1939 and herded into prison camps to work in mines and cotton plantations. For two years those two million people contrived to live on a small loaf of black bread a day, a glass of tea for breakfast, a glass of soup for luncheon and a glass of groats for dinner. According to the testimony of a doctor in one of those camps, all had dysentery from improper nourishment, one in three had scurvy and 50 percent of those under twenty had tuberculosis. When in August, 1941, the Polish prisoners of war were finally permitted, according to the terms of the Polish-Russian pact, to organize an army on Soviet territory to fight the Germans, General Wladyslaw Anders was appointed their commander-in-chief.

General Anders had been wounded in a leg during the campaign in Poland, in September, 1939. During these two years spent in the Soviet prison of Lubianka, his wound had had no medical care, and when he finally left the prison as commander-in-chief of the Polish army in Russia, he left it dragging himself along on crutches. Only two weeks later, after brief medical attention, he was walking with a stick, organizing the first regiments of the new army.

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The first 16,000 assembled at Buzuluk for the review. The soldiers wore rags and looked like beggars. One in four had a shirt, one in ten shoes, one in twenty a coat. They've come from the camps where "the mortality was low—not over 10 percent."

I recall all these horrors not to reproach the Russians, but to point out what could easily have been done to relieve the sufferings and to cut down the death-rate of over two million people whose only crime was their nationality, people who during those two years have been deprived of their religion and who have had to die dirty and hungry, like homeless dogs, even without the last consolation of the sacraments.

A lot had to be done and a lot could be done. Diplomatic relations between Poland and Russia were resumed and a Polish ambassador to Moscow appointed. It was understood that the day of his arrival in Moscow all the Polish political prisoners were to be released from the Moscow prisons, as a gesture of good will. It happened, however, that the prisons had already been evacuated, and only thirty prisoners were left to be released. Among those who had been removed were two members of the Polish National Council from London. They are still being held, despite the urgent intervention of the Polish Embassy in Moscow.

America releases Earl Browder, convicted for a simple criminal federal offense; Americans indulge in exclamatory admiration over the Soviet Union, and are even inclined to think that they have been wrong in their opinion about the Russians for the past twenty years; American communists celebrate one thing after the other with rallies in Madison Square Garden and in convention halls, with radio programs, books, pamphlets, meetings, reliefs, committees, movies, records. At the same time odd things happen in Russia.

Millions of dollars flew to Russia from the United States in lend-lease aid, and Congress has recently appropriated three billions for the same purpose; England rushed supplies to the Soviet Union; General Mihailovich and the Chetniks in Yugoslavia harassed the nazis and immobilized German troops there; riots and sabotage cropped up like mushrooms after rain in nearly all the nazi occupied countries and kept the Germans busy. At the same time, however, Stalin spoke to the Red Army and stated that Russia fought alone to save the whole world from the nazi menace. He also promised his countrymen the integrity of the Russian frontiers after the war. And it is rather interesting to note what frontiers he promised, because they are drawn on someone else's lands; they include part of Rumania, part of Poland and the Baltic countries invaded two years ago by the Russians.

In 1941 the Soviet Union granted general "amnesty" to over 2,000,000 Poles now on the Soviet territory. Of these two millions, however, only 700,000 have been found. Nearly a million and a half people just "cannot be located." Lost. Just as hopelessly lost as those two members of the Polish governmental body, the National Council, who had been removed from the Moscow prison before the arrival of the Polish Ambassador.

The Soviet Union permitted the organization of the Polish Army on Soviet territory. This army could easily number 150,000 men. Not even one-third of this number could be organized on Russian territory. The soldiers, who were released from the prison camps half-naked, half-starved, barefooted and emaciated, couldn't get enough equipment, uniforms, arms and munitions. The Soviet government claimed that "difficulties of transportation" was the reason for this lack of supplies. The Polish soldiers had to be moved to the Near East and, despite the difficulties of transportation, supplies from Great Britain reached them there.

The Russians are our friends, but the newest friends are not always the best. Neither are they sure.

In the last ten years the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics has signed many pacts. In July, 1932, they signed the non-aggression pact with Poland. They invaded Poland in September, 1939. In April, 1941, they signed the neutrality pact with Japan. In May, 1942, they signed an alliance with Great Britain, lately confirmed on the occasion of Mr. Churchill's visit to Moscow. We don't yet know the further history of these last two pacts. But we know that on September 17, 1939, the Polish Ambassador in Moscow was called to the Russian Foreign Office at 3 A.M. to hear the text of the note informing him that the Russian troops had invaded Poland, despite the non-aggression pact signed seven years before. The note was signed by Mr. Molotov, and the end of it is worth quoting: "*. . . the Soviet government proposes to take all measures to extricate the Polish people from the unfortunate war into which they were dragged by their unwise leaders, and to enable them to live a peaceful life.*"

Soviet "intervention" did not extricate the Polish people from the unfortunate war. Millions of Poles suffered the yoke of a Russian occupation just as ruthless and brutal as the nazi occupation of Western and Central Poland. Millions of Poles were deported to Siberia, deprived of their properties, subjected to imprisonment and persecutions. Russian occupation of Poland was the best possible propaganda against communism. The United Nations should not forget that the Poles found the only difference between nazi Germany and Soviet Russia to be, "In Russia . . . it's colder."

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Coming Battle for Continents

A sketch of Germany's possible plans for the next few months.

By **Albert A. Brandt**

THE Battle of Continents, the last link in the chain of the carefully prepared nazi blueprint of world conquest, has finally become a reality. In order to execute this plan the Germans will have to achieve superiority in three vital factors: oil, aircraft, strategic "Stuetz punkte" (outposts).

At the outbreak of the war in 1939, Germany had an annual production of eighteen million barrels of natural and synthetic oil. This amounted to *less than one percent* of the world's oil production. In addition, Germany's oil reserves were estimated between thirty and forty million barrels. This was the principal reason why the German High Command only reluctantly entered the war. The High Command's skepticism as a matter of fact was expressed in an indirect way by Dr. Fritz Fetzer, economist of the Reichswehrministerium, who in a semi-official publication wrote that, "there is the danger that a nation will suffer defeat for the simple reason that the enemy is better equipped with the all-important raw material, *oil.*" Germany needs at present at least one and a half million tons of oil, while her continental oil production totals only one million tons. Against her small oil stores Great Britain's gigantic oil reserves are pitted, and the vast Russian oil production of over two hundred million barrels annually, bolstered by war reserves of at least two hundred million more.

The principal aim of Germany's military campaigns was to increase her oil supplies. German strategy was compelled to develop the blitzkrieg to perfection as the most efficient way of conducting war in view of her oil shortage. Not to save manpower, but to conserve oil by a single terrific hammer-blow which will achieve the military objective before a slow trench warfare can set in, to drain away the precious oil reserves.

There is one basic fact on which nazi strategy is built: Europe's ultimate dependence on the oil stores of the Western Hemisphere. It is the belief of nazi theorists that Germany's position as a world center is weakened by Europe's lack of oil. To insure world mastery, the nazis seek not only oil supplies to fuel the Wehrmacht machinery, but also the domination of the great oil centers of the Western Hemisphere. "Oil power means world power" is a popular dictum among German military experts and this, translated into tactics, means a struggle to conquer all the oil of the world. Nazi military economists contend that it is not enough to keep the German industry running and the airforce and mechanized army operating. Hitler's European conquest was not meant to take over an industrial funeral parlor, and the Fuehrer knows too well that Germany cannot win until Europe has started a full capacity production for Germany. But without more oil this cannot be achieved. Venezuela, Colombia, Argentina and Mexico interest Hitler just as much as Rumania and Iraq. That is why he is now so anxious to involve Spain and Portugal on Germany's side in the Battle of Continents, in order to arouse the Hispano-Latin sentiments of these Central and South American countries.

The nations fighting Hitler are rapidly realizing that the Germans must be prevented at all costs from getting more oil. Should the nazis succeed in penetrating as far as the oil producing regions of Russia, they will find only scorched ruins indicating the site of their goal. Militarily speaking, Hitler is racing through a desert sighting an oasis of oil, and should he arrive there only to find it a mirage, this would undoubtedly have a disastrous effect on his future plans. The Russian army, however, if the Caucasian oil fields should be conquered by the Germans, still could be supplied with oil from the Volga oil wells—Ischimbayeve, Krasnodamsk, Verkhne, Chusovskije, Gorodki. The third Soviet five-year plan contemplated that the output of these "second Baku oil fields" in 1942 would be seven million tons. It can be assumed that the production of one and a half million tons in 1938 has now been considerably surpassed.

Each move self-oiling

The German High Command, prior to every move, tries to make certain that it will be self-liquidating as far as oil supplies are concerned and will also pay an oil dividend. That was the case in Poland, where surplus stores were removed to Germany after the conquest to fuel airplanes and tanks for the invasion of the Low Countries. The conquest of Belgium and the Netherlands gave Hitler added oil with which to drive on into France. A short while later, the nazi penetration

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of Rumania added forty million barrels annually to Germany's oil production. This paved the way for the Balkan campaign. With the conclusion of this campaign Hitler was faced with a dilemma—whether to try a knockout blow against Britain or invade Russia. Oil finally determined his decision. The Mediterranean campaign was stopped; Hitler's experts were aware that even if Germany had succeeded in her effort to invade Britain, victory would not have appreciably augmented Hitler's oil supplies. And Germany, depleted of her oil stores, would have found the Russian colossus ready to act. On the other hand, in the East lie the great oil fields of the Caucasus which cross the path to the oil wells of Iraq and Iran. The experts advised Hitler to invade Russia first, because her conquest could fuel major military campaigns of continental proportions. Fear of exhausting Germany's oil stock before the objectives of world conquest were achieved would be dissipated once and for all. As early as 1937 Dr. Friedensburg, chief oil expert of the German General Staff, pointed out in the official journal, *Der Volkswirt,* that extensive military operations lasting longer than the briefest possible periods would be impossible without the oil of the Near East.

Once oil is in nazi hands, there will be no lack of long range planes with which to start an offensive against the Western Hemisphere. Germany's leading airplane plants—Junkers, Heinkel, Focke-Wulf, Blohm & Voss, Henschel and Dornier—already have huge four-motored flying fortresses and transport planes in large scale production. The new Atlantic Luftwaffe will consist of at least eight thousand flying giants with a radius of action of six to twelve thousand miles. American military experts, including Major Alexander de Seversky, have pointed out that planes with a bombing radius up to twenty-five thousand miles will be under construction within five years. The German Focke-Wulf "Kurier" is today capable of a ten-thousand mile trip with a full load. It can carry sixty fully equipped soldiers or a tank, its crew, ammunition and oil. The German campaign in North Africa and Crete was a miniature preview of troop transport by air.

Atlantic air ferries

The problem of ferrying troops to the Western Hemisphere from Europe or Africa by air differs quantitatively but not qualitatively from the problem of flying troops across the Mediterranean. To do this the Germans will need more planes and larger planes, but the basic problems have already been solved. A thousand planes in a blitz move from a German-held African base could send ten divisions of German infantry to a base in Latin America in a single day, each plane making two trips in twenty-four hours. No naval fleet in the world would be effective in stopping such an invasion from the air—the only protection would be air power on the same vast scale.

Without entering into a discussion on the merits of air power as opposed to sea power, it is clear that in modern warfare air strength has been successfully able to measure blows with sea forces. With amazing candor the nazis have suggested the basis for new Napoleonic conquests: victories to be obtained by air. Fischer von Poturzyn, an associate of Marshal Hermann Goering, wrote in his book, "Air Power," in 1939: "Whoever has devoted any attention to the development of air transportation during the past ten years, will have been converted to the view that it has brought with it new possibilities of historic development. . . . Why should there not arise a Napoleon of air domination?" This is the essence of the nazi military literature: the modern Napoleon will rely on his planes darkening the skies in the same way as Napoleon relied on his infantry and charging cavalry.

The Germans have planes, or are manufacturing them, capable of long-range operations. With the defeat of Russia they hope to acquire the necessary oil reserves. Now they are searching for bases and they have met with considerable success. The jewel in the nazi diadem of jumping-off points for an offensive against the Western Hemisphere is still Dakar. Dr. Haushofer's "Institut" experts have long regarded Dakar as the "Gibraltar of the Atlantic." They point out in their highly respected organ, *Zeitschrift für Geopolitik,* that "Dakar stretches out to other continents from its advanced westerly position. . . . To the west, the southern part of the United States, the Mexican oil-shipping ports and the loading stations of the Venezuela oil refinery of Curaçao can be reached. On the opposite side of the South Atlantic, both Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires are included in Dakar's radius of action." German experts have made a careful study of Dakar's advantages. They have decided that what Suez and Gibraltar have meant to Britain, Dakar may well mean for Germany. Gibraltar guards a mere sea; Dakar eagle-like looks over an ocean, a fitting eyrie for Hitler's war birds. Her harbor dredged to accommodate 35,000-ton warships is fitted with a drydock and special berths for submarines. Dakar possesses the latest in modern oil tanks and underground pipelines, well protected from air attack. Its terrain is ideal for airfields and the bay is suitable for flying boats. The French, however, merely began the job; the Germans feel that they could go much further.

The French officially own Dakar; the Germans have wasted no time in controlling it. Shortly after the armistice the Vichy government announced that it was starting a vast project of

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improvement in Dakar. Improvement for whom? France certainly is in no position to fight, nor is there any explanation as to why the limited French resources should be expended in fitting out Dakar for aggression while France goes hungry. The answer lies not in French needs but in German demands. Thousands of workmen of the concentration camp labor battalions in occupied France sent to Dakar are not working for France but for the German victory. To emphasize this fact is the report that German engineers are openly directing the work of expanding Dakar's facilities.

The railroad built from Dakar and Oran to the shore of the Mediterranean can scarcely be of great use to the French. If in the prosperous years following the first world war they did not find capital to build this railroad, why are they able to find it now? The answer is to be found in Berlin and not in Vichy. Shortly Dakar and its hinterland will be able to service as many planes as Hitler chooses to send there. "It may be said with justification," his expert, Otto Muck, wrote in Haushofer's *Zeitschrift für Geopolitik,* in November, 1940, "that the coming war must be decided in advance by air power. So far, in this war, the air force has consistently opened up the way to victory. . . . Thanks to German air victories in the East and the West, the Luftwaffe is about to become a geopolitical factor. Its tremendous speed and range make it possible to think in terms of continents. The air force is therefore the means best suited to penetrate great distances, to embrace and control them from a single point."

Working from Dakar as the "point," the Luftwaffe would have the inestimable advantage of dealing with an area that has already been considerably penetrated by nazi ideology. The Germans know that they must fight the armed power of the United States in the Western Hemisphere. But they do not intend to meet the American forces in a frontal attack. Just as Hitler outflanked the Maginot Line in May, 1940, so does he plan to outflank American defenses by way of South America. Entrenched in any South American base Hitler would be in a position to challenge the United States directly.

South American oil

Besides military importance South America offers also oil, the product Hitler needs most. An air armada flying from Dakar can establish control of the most important oil areas in Argentina, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador and Mexico. Working with a well organized fifth column, a German force would be in a position to utilize in some way the high-test gasoline and Diesel oil of Argentina. Shipped to bases in Brazil, they could fuel the armada for further action in the north. The vast oil stores of Venezuela and the large refineries on the coast would in themselves suffice for an extended military campaign by Germany in the Western Hemisphere if they should succeed in acquiring the smallest base there. Just as German aviators and military men have sought contacts among aviation and army circles in Latin America, so have German diplomatic agents made certain that the friendship of the petroleum interests were secured. Freiherr Edmund von Thermann, former German Ambassador to Argentina, has assiduously cultivated the friendship of leading Latin-American oil magnates.

Is it exaggeration to say that advance nazi posts are already established in South America? While discounting the inevitable hysteria and considering the measures taken in most of these countries, it is nevertheless a fact that German agents have found fertile field in the southern continent. Forbidden by the Treaty of Versailles to develop military aviation, Germany concentrated her energy on an extensive commercial air line program. German planes and ex-military pilots came in droves to South America and within a short time German-manned airlines were operating through a large part of that continent. The "Scadta" airline in Colombia, founded in Baranquilla in 1921, was developed in just this manner. In Argentina, Brazil, Bolivia and Chile more or less the same development took place. In 1924, the Junkers plant organized the Junkers Traveling Exposition (Exposicion Junkers) to tour Latin America. Chief credit for the success of the Junkers propaganda campaign was given to Dr. Grether, who played a major rôle in injecting German influence into Latin American aviation circles. "Thanks to his splendid knowledge of the country," writes a nazi commentator, "he was able, among other things, to make most important preparations, such as the laying out of flying fields, the determination of suitable air routes, etc."

After 1933, South America was also used by German fliers as a testing ground for new models and by German strategists to experiment with new military tactics based on the use of the airplane. The first experiments in the field with troop transports by plane were made during the Chaco war by German fliers. The lessons learned here were studied in the military academy in Berlin.

In his book, "Wehrpolitik," Dr. Haushofer emphasized the strategic importance of German aviation in Latin America. As a potential "theater of war operations" the importance of topographical study is indicated. "A knowledge of the topography of the theater of war operations as well as of its hinterland saves blood, strength, nerves, money and time," writes Dr. Haushofer. "But more important than the knowledge of the topography is the increased significance of aerial reconaissance, night flight, fog and cloud formations, as well as an acquaintance with cloud conditions and phenomena of twilight."

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The Germans have done more than develop a highly efficient meteorological service in South America. For many years they have been conducting an expert aerial survey of Latin America ostensibly for civilian purposes or at the request of South American governments. Actually their work has primarily facilitated the plans of the German High Command. The Junkers Aerial Photography Exchange dealt with the governments of Brazil, Peru and Bolivia in photographing the unmapped terrain. The Junkers photographic organization was later incorporated in the German Lufthansa under Marshal Goering's Air Ministry. The German language Buenos Aires newspaper, *La Plata Zeitung,* largest nazi organ in Latin America, boasted on November 17, 1940, that "the German High Command has coordinated and organized everything that has been accomplished in the field of aerial photography and is now using these photographs with great success. In the hard fight for Germany's self-preservation they are being utilized as a first class and effective auxiliary means of military reconaissance, for the preparation of maps and for the planning, direction and control of offensive operations of German troops." The article significantly concluded: "The aerial photograph and its full use has become a weapon no less effective than the mortar and machine-gun."

Parallel to the military and technical penetration of South America, the Germans made equal use of scientific and commercial agencies. Germany has generously established all kinds of meteorological, biological and geological research institutes throughout Latin America. Well-equipped and ably-manned, these institutes carry on their activities virtually independent of any but nazi control. An example: in 1936 by special agreement between Dictator Trujillo of the Dominican Republic and the Ibero-American Institute in Hamburg, a "Tropical Institute" was established "to carry on research in the Dominican Republic along biological, geological, geographical and meteorological lines." The staff of the "Institute" was packed with representatives of the German General Staff and geopolitical experts. In a single stroke Germany was thereby assured of facilities to carry on her preparations in the very heart of the Caribbean defense zone so vital to the United States. Many similar instances could be duplicated throughout Latin America.

That, then, is the great circle of the German strategy extending from the oil wells of the Near East through Dakar to South America. The Germans, however, are not yet ready for an all out attack in the Battle of Continents. They have not yet completed their long range air armada and do not yet possess all the oil needed. There is little doubt, however, that one day Hitler will face the problem of invading South America.

Freedom of Conscience

A brief examination and interpretation of its origins in the North American colonies.

***By* Harry Lorin Binsse**

IN TIMES of stress and crisis, words and phrases acquire a heightened value, and their meaning, their history are absorbed into intoxicating emotion. We have repeatedly heard of the four freedoms, and certainly no man of good will would wish them whittled away by refinements and subtleties. Yet each of these freedoms is not—cannot be—an absolute. And we owe it to honesty and intellectual sobriety to explore more fully what these freedoms are—so that we shall not awake suddenly to find ourselves out of humor with all liberty, thanks to our present (and by then hateful) intoxication. I am here trying an historical and sociological analysis of one of our American specialties — a freedom of conscience which is *not anti*-religious. It makes no pretense to be doctrinal, but only interpretative — and, I hope, provocative. It may enlarge our apprehension of what liberty in large part is—an atmosphere of life which leaves open to men the *free* choice of goodness and truth, even at the risk that many will choose wrongly or even wrongheadedly. God has made men responsible moral agents; deprive them of their freedom, and you denature them. Yet let their freedom be such as to endanger the freedom of other men, and you denature them fully as much. That is the paradox of civil liberties: they must exist, yet they must be limited.

The American doctrine of freedom of conscience arose out of a very special pattern of historical circumstance. After the reformation, religious unity was more profoundly shattered in England than in any major colonizing country. Portugal, Spain and France remained Catholic, the first two without any appreciable body of dissenting opinion. Catholic theology remained in

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them an accepted part of the "general spirit of the people and the government." In France the movement toward theological disunity was crushed by the government, and the spiritual ferment of the seventeenth century operated broadly within the framework of Catholicism: the elements of dissent went into exile in other lands. In England the situation was altogether different.

Henry VIII's revolt against the supremacy of Rome was largely political and personal, not theological or based upon deep religious differences. It was followed by more than a century of violent changes in the government's attitude toward theological matters. Mary tried to restore Catholicism; Elizabeth played politics with religion; the Stuarts alternated between a Calvinistic Protestantism and a private Catholicism; the days of the Commonwealth were days of even more rapid oscillation between sects of differing Protestants. It was during such times that England began colonizing in America, and naturally enough a considerable proportion of her colonists were members of the various theological persuasions to whom religious liberty was successively—or continuously—denied in the mother country. Thoroughly Protestant Puritans and Pilgrims, Catholics, Quakers, members of scores of minor sects kept emigrating to the colonies, along with members of the Church of England. Burke was largely accurate when, a century and a half later, he called these people the dissidence of dissent.

Historians have often professed surprise at the fact that several of these dissident sects, having suffered persecution for their opinions in England, should immediately have tried to set up their own religious restrictions in America. To me this has never seemed surprising. There have been attempts made to trace a lineage for these sects back into the Middle Ages, long before the "official" reformation, and it is possible that their secret origins are indeed more remote than would seem on the surface. Yet however remote their roots, their full flower to a considerable degree sprang from the lack of whole-heartedness in the official break with Catholicism. The members of these sects were most of them very sincere, devout believers in Christianity who, having been scandalized at the abuses which had grown up in the medieval Church, were even more scandalized at seeing similar abuses grow up (or continue) in the officially reformed church. They were most of them perfectionists, also, who had little understanding of or sympathy for ordinary human weaknesses. Milton's celebrated lines in *Lycidas,* directed against the governing element in the Church of England, reflect the temper of these men:

> . . . such as for their bellies' sake,
> Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
> Of other care they little reckoning make,
> Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
> And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
> Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
> A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
> That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
> What recks it them? What need they? They are sped . . .

These lines were written not so many years after the establishment of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Such men, then, saw in the Church of Rome an abomination, and in the official Church of England, dissevered from Rome, almost as great an abomination. What was more natural than that they should wish to be free of both of them? The simplest way they knew to insure this result was to apply the principle under which they themselves had been persecuted in England. Later on, when they found sectaries even more radical than themselves seeking to settle amongst them, they naturally turned against these men—Quakers, Anabaptists, Shakers—and tried to drive them out.

The result was that the American colonies, with two notable exceptions, would have no truck with freedom of conscience; the only difference between the new commonwealths and the old was that in the former there was a wide variety, from colony to colony, as to what was the approved theology, whereas at any given time in the mother country, the rule was the same throughout the country. The only thing which united them all was their ban against Catholics and the general distrust of Quakers. Of course there is often a wide divergence between the law and its enforcement. In Virginia, where the prevailing "tone" was Church of England, dissenters were not continuously ill-treated; in Massachusetts, where the prevailing "tone" was dissenter, Church of England men could often live in peace as long as they outwardly conformed. But freedom of conscience had no protection in law.

Williams

The two famous exceptions were Rhode Island and Maryland, the latter for a time only. The leading settler of the Narragansett region, now the state of Rhode Island, was a most extraordinary man. He started in the Church of England, then became an extreme Puritan and migrated to Massachusetts (1631). He had evidently formed very strong views as to the proper relationship between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities, and he had equally strong views about what he considered a proper honesty in one's dealings with one's fellow men, even if those men happened to be of a different race and an altogether different religion. He was soon at odds with the Massachusetts authorities, first on one score, then on both. He denied the civil magistrates the right to punish religious offenses, and he denied the right of the Massachusetts Bay charter to take the

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lands of the Indians without purchase, as well as its right to impose faith and worship. Within four years of his arrival he was banished, and went south to the shores of Narragansett Bay.

Here Roger Williams established Providence in 1636, with a government founded on complete toleration. What led him to so great an innovation? It is always difficult to give a completely satisfactory answer to such questions. It is altogether too easy to say that as Williams himself had suffered persecution at the hands of both Church of Englanders and dissenters, he concluded that toleration is the wisest and the most generous solution. His action was obviously based on a more positive ground, for it had been his preaching of a rigid separation of the things of God and the things of Caesar which had brought down on him the wrath of the Massachusetts authorities. A more likely explanation, borne out by later events, is that he had been early influenced by the views of the Baptists, with the extreme importance they attributed to individual inspiration, however unorthodox. On this he constructed a theology, which holds that only God can inspire truth or root out falsehood, and that when men take upon themselves to do these things, they fall into a worse mess than they were in before:

> Breach of civil peace may arise when false and idolatrous practices are held forth, and yet no breach of civil peace from the doctrine or practice, or the manner of holding forth, but from that wrong and preposterous way of suppressing, preventing, and extinguishing such doctrines or practices by weapons of wrath and blood, whips, stocks, imprisonment, banishment, death, etc.; by which men commonly are persuaded to convert heretics, and to cast out unclean spirits, which only the finger of God can do, that is, the mighty power of the spirit in the word.
>
> Hence the town is in an uproar, and the country takes the alarum to expel that fog or mist of error, heresy, blasphemy, as is supposed, with swords and guns. Whereas it is light alone, even light from the bright shining Sun of Righteousness, which is able, in the souls and consciences of men, to dispel and scatter such fogs and darkness.

It might almost be said that out of the raw materials provided by the extreme individualist views of the Baptists, Williams constructed a theology of toleration. In his eyes the expression of diverse views could do no harm; God would have truth emerge; only from suppressing such views could evil effects arise, almost as punishment for men's interfering with God's channels of grace.

The orthodox criticism of such a theology, based as it is on a much broader experience of mankind than Williams's—an experience including pre-Christian paganism as well as the non-Christian religions and the nastier heresies of the past—is doubtless sound in principle. But, speaking socially and politically, it is irrelevant to his historical situation. Williams's theological convictions supplied what was already at that time the only possible *political* solution for the endless diversities into which English-speaking Christians had fallen. The important fact to remember is that Williams was dealing with a socially homogeneous group whose Christian tradition had such old and deep roots that its theological differences actually played relatively little part in the pattern of daily lives. On a vast number of things these men agreed, however little they may have been aware of it. On a small number of things, of which they were very much aware, they disagreed, and this disagreement built for them a mirage of total disagreement. Thus they all spoke the same language. They all responded to the newly-fledged spirit of nationalism. They all insisted on their "rights" as Englishmen. They all believed in private property and the economic system of their day. They abhorred adultery and murder and theft, however little they may have avoided them in practice. In brief, they all belonged to the same civilization and culture and had the same habits of thought and patterns of behavior and standards of right conduct. Even their theological differences were a novelty — something their grandfathers had never known.

Thus Williams set up the juridical basis for unity in a state which harbors every sort of theological diversity—the basis on which we today operate. His experiment was viewed with abhorrence by his neighbors in Massachusetts, but it is notable that the solvent which gradually loosened their own religious rigidity was in part a weariness induced by too great a tension, in part and explicitly the Baptist ideas which had inspired him.

Calvert

The story of Maryland is very different. Here was a colony intended to be a refuge for Catholics who found life in England almost impossible under the restrictions of persecution. A considerable number of Englishmen never gave up their allegiance to the old faith, and others went back to it after trying the new. Despite their religious convictions, many such men retained influence at court and with the government, and it was natural that one of their number should form the idea of establishing a haven for his fellow Catholics in some remote colony, where they would be free to practice the religion of their choice. It was equally natural that the British government should give its consent; it might serve as a partial solution of the religious problem in the mother country.

The first man to try such a scheme was Sir George Calvert. In 1625 he set sail for Newfoundland, where he and his colonists spent a year and then decided that the climate was a bit too severe and the soil too barren. There followed a voyage of reconnaisance as far south as Virginia, but there the authorities would have none of the Papists, and they returned to England. Here a new charter was obtained for the region which later was to become Maryland, and in 1633 a new

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expedition set forth, under the leadership of Calvert's son. From the beginning (and hence even before Williams had emigrated to Boston) the Calverts based their plans on the idea of religious liberty. In this they acted from a more practical and probably a sounder motive than Williams's. They knew perfectly well that if they tried to enforce Catholicism on all the inhabitants of their new colony, the opposition of English Protestants would prove too much for them; they doubtless also realized from their own corporate experience as inheritors of the former national religion now persecuted by the officially anti-Papal state that such "enforcing of conscience" simply will not work unless the vast bulk of the community wishes it.

So in the very first instructions given by their patron Cecil Calvert to the leaders of the 1633 expedition, there was ordered an abstinence from all religious controversies,

> to preserve peace and unity amongst all the passengers and to suffer no scandal or offense, whereby just complaint may be made by them in Virginia or in England . . . and to treat the Protestants with as much mildness and favour as justice will require.

Sixteen years later, when things had settled down a bit in the new colony and after a series of violent attacks from their neighbors, who felt that this nest of Catholics was an offense against decency, the General Assembly of the Province of Maryland passed the Toleration Act. Here is the gist of this extraordinary piece of legislation:

> And whereas the enforcing of the conscience in matters of religion hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence in those commonwealths where it hath been been practised, and for the more quiet and peaceable government of the province and the better to preserve mutual love and amity among the inhabitants thereof: Be it therefore enacted that noe person or persons whatsoever within this province . . . professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall henceforth be in any waies troubled, molested or discountenanced for or in respect of his religion or in the free exercise thereof within this province nor in anything compelled to the belief or exercise of any other religion against his or her consent.

But such liberality—"the first in the annals of mankind to make religious freedom the basis of the state," as George Bancroft put it—would not do. Thanks to the intolerance of Virginia, which then insisted upon conformity with the Church of England, a large group of Puritans sought refuge in Maryland. In 1650 they rebelled and seized power, at once repealing the act of toleration and proscribing both Catholics and Church of Englanders. After eight years the government of the province was restored to the Calverts, who again put in force the Act of Toleration. But again and again Protestant opposition sought to do away with such generous notions, and in the end it succeeded. In was only in 1776, in the Bill of Rights of the Constitution of the new State of Maryland, that religious liberty was restored, finally to be confirmed in the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

It is significant that the final victory for toleration in Maryland arose in large part from the loyal support given the patriot cause by its Catholic inhabitants and the tory sympathies of the Church of England group; by the time the Bill of Rights of the Federal Constitution was formulated, the generality of Americans had learned that the preamble of the old Maryland Act of Toleration was no more than the truth, and that any other policy in a nation of such diverse religious belief is indeed of "dangerous consequence."

This, in brief, is the history of the development of freedom of conscience in the United States. Even in the nineteenth century Americans were not sure that this freedom should be extended to those who were not Christians, and to this day such freedom exists only within the limits of a framework based upon certain main lines of Christian morality. A Mohammedan can live among us in peace, but we will not let him have more than one wife. We will not tolerate blood sacrifices, or the "taking up" of rattlesnakes. We even legislate against religious practices which we believe may lead to the lowering of public morals.

In general

These were the main framers of our American tradition of freedom of worship. Williams, bold doctrinaire; Calvert, wise in the management of men. In both cases the environment of their action was an existing diversity. Can we draw any broad, general conclusion to the whole matter? The few sentences that follow are tentative, halting, a description of things as they have been and are; they take no account of a deeper aspect of the whole matter—its relation by reflection to a profound and moving concept, that of the freedom of the sons of God, in Saint Paul's meaning. They should be read on the political, sociological, descriptive level—not on the level of theology.

Undoubtedly the key to the whole question of freedom of conscience lies in an analysis of how much religious unity any given society considers necessary to its adequate functioning, and of how much unity actually exists within that society. So long as the vast majority of people in a state honestly and with conviction adhere to a specific religious faith, it will be taken for granted and not at all considered tyrannous that dissidents should at least be forbidden the privilege of public attacks on that faith. For such attacks will be thought of as being against nature, and therefore justly subject to punishment. With regard to anything considered over and above the minimum of necessary unity, freedom must exist, or the state is

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a tyranny. Religious liberty, then, can vary almost more than any other freedom, and still be liberty. In some societies, like our own, it will permit almost any belief—so long as that belief does not violate certain basically Judaeo-Christian principles of morals. In Christian society of the Middle Ages it was far more restricted, permitting divergence only on certain limited philosophical and theological questions, and on many religious practices which were not obligatory for all members of society. In certain primitive tribes, this liberty completely disappears in the rigid uniformity of belief and practice required of all.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE formal declaration of war by Brazil against Germany and Italy, but not, as yet, against the third partner in the Axis, Japan, not only adds great strength to the military, economic and political power and resources of the United Nations, but most fortunately reinforces the spiritual and moral position of the alliance against the totalitarian tyrannies. A great Catholic nation of South America has definitely taken its place among the outright defenders of human liberty and democratic systems of government. Its example may or may not be quickly followed by other South American nations; that depends upon many circumstances, although it seems fairly safe to assume that ultimately it will prove decisive in uniting all of South America, even the Argentine Republic, at present uneasily controlled by an oligarchy willing at least to temporize with the Axis. And its effects will be profoundly felt in Europe as well as in the western hemisphere, not least in Portugal, the mother-land. Immediately after the Brazilian declaration of war came news from Lisbon that an extraordinary meeting of the Portuguese cabinet had been called by Premier Salazar, no doubt in order to decide Portuguese national policy in the new circumstances now opening up.

Only quite recently a news despatch from Lisbon recorded the high-lights of a significant and welcome address made by Cardinal Cerejeira, Patriarch of Lisbon, before a meeting of the national council of the League for Catholic Action of Adult Men. In substance, said the report, which was provided by the highly responsible Center of Information Pro Deo, the international Catholic news service whose headquarters are in Lisbon, the Cardinal condemned totalitarian state doctrines and stated that Catholics should not oppose democratic ideas, "because Christianity was their mother, and because we have what is called a "Christian democracy."

By this last clause the Cardinal was understood to refer to the "Centro Academico de Democracia Cristao," which, so the CIP despatch informs us, was from 1915 the "leading organization of Catholics" in Portugal, under the leadership of two young secretaries, fellow professors at Coimbra University, one of whom later became Cardinal Cerejeira, and the other Prime Minister Salazar. At that time, Christian democratic ideas and organizations were bitterly opposed by the various anti-clerical governments. Religious persecutions were "legally" organized which sought the complete overthrowal of Catholic influence as well as its Church organization. However, the various cliques and cabals of the anti-clerical forces wrangled and contended for spoils so ardently among themselves, to the consequent ruination of the whole country, that the military uprising and revolutionary seizure of political power in 1925 was welcomed by the Catholics. Professor Salazar eventually became Prime Minister, and initiator of the much discussed "corporatist régime," now more or less flourishing under semi-dictatorial auspices. According to the CIP writer, however, the "moderate dictatorship has never been a system but only a temporary measure. The experience of the last years has proved how difficult it is in an authoritarian régime to avoid state control of corporations which were planned originally to be free professional and vocational organizations. Now that the war has clarified the ultimate issues of freedom or slavery, and the interior values of the English and American democracies have withstood the ordeal, the Cardinal thinks that the moment has come to revive democratic ideals in Portugal."

The action of Brazil should give fresh and powerful impetus to this movement led by the Lisbon Cardinal. It is to be hoped that similar steps may be taken by church leaders in other parts of the world, in America and Europe, and may, in time, extend to Italy, where in spite of the fact that the so-called corporations were from the start of the Fascist régime mere instruments for Mussolini, possessing no genuine independence, they were too readily accepted by leading churchmen as being the actualization of ideas taught by the Popes in their social encyclicals, and so the whole Fascist régime was given blessings and support which it in no wise deserved. The same mistake should not be repeated by churchmen in South or Central America or elsewhere. Brazil's movement away from the attraction of the totalitarian ideas—which had been organized among native Brazilians, in the "Integralista" group—may prove a happy augury.

The Stage & Screen

The Saroyan Theater

"THE stage has lost all purpose, all direction, and all sense of values. . . . I'm ready and willing to bring the stage back to life, and I have at my disposal the means."

It should be unnecessary to identify the author of the above dictum as William Saroyan. Ironically, before it reached print the Saroyan Theater, tabernacle of Wild Bill's one-man renaissance, was already darkened, after a single week of public existence.

Characteristically, Saroyan explained: "The business project failed. The plays didn't."

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Despite a confirmed admiration for Saroyan, I must disagree. The immediate failure, perhaps, must be laid to the author's choice of director: William Saroyan. But no director, much as it pains me to say so, could have coached "Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning" into the same league as "Time of Your Life" and "My Heart's in the Highlands."

Perhaps it's unfair to quote a man who contradicts himself so assiduously, but I should like to consider a passage from Saroyan preface to his latest collection, "Razzle-Dazzle": "The fundamental defect of the theater as art is that it is theatrical. . . . A man reading a play is a better man than a man seeing one. . . . The things that you can give a play fully, the theater can give only feebly, and almost invariably ineffectively. . . . Inner spaciousness is always absent from anything in the actual theater."

Actors, granted, are fallible; and so are directors and producers and casting directors. But so also are words, paint, clay, chords—every medium of communication. Of all mediums of communication, pantomime is the most direct. Language is a more sophisticated and artificial medium; and the written word considerably more artificial than the spoken word. A written play falls into the last category; a performed play combines the first two. Hence, a play on the boards is not a more but a less artificial and more direct means of communication than a play between boards. Theatricality is not "the fundamental defect of the theater as art," but rather its chief resource and opportunity.

If a play reads better than it acts, the fault is less often the vulgar commercialism of the theater which Saroyan so explosively deplores, than a deficiency of dramatic content. Conversation, however skilful, doesn't constitute drama; and "Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning" is chiefly conversation.

Most of "Across the Board" is given over to talking about feelings and life, rather than showing us feelings and life at first hand. It's nine-tenths tract, and only one-tenth play. The scene is a basement nightclub on Fifty-Second Street, populated by characteristic Saroyan characters: the philosophical taxi-driver; the paternal bartender; the comic-strip capitalist and his beautiful blonde companion; the messianic drunk who looks and talks and acts very much like Mr. Saroyan; a pair of patriotic Filipino dishwashers who double as midwives; assorted female mutes; a boozy poet who turns out to be Maxwell Bodenheim in the flesh; a baby born offstage who grows 20 years in 10 minutes. Saroyan proved in his earlier plays that he can assemble such material into an exhilarating, ebullient evening, notwithstanding liberal doses of adolescent mysticism and muddy symbolism. But the total here is talk—seldom as entertaining as its brilliant parody in Samson Raphaelson's "Jason." Every little while the action—or rather, the traffic—is interrupted by a Negro waiter coming to the footlights to deliver an expository monologue in the style of the commentator in Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" or Orson Welles's voice in "The Magnificent Ambersons." Canada Lee's casual, jaunty performance as the waiter is easily the highlight of the show, but such devices are inevitably anti-dramatic—an apology, as it were, for what the action is insufficient to state. There are isolated moments of good fun throughout the play, good Saroyan fun, but the whole is tainted by the author's reliance upon comment rather than action to make his point that conditions are awful but people are wonderful and tomorrow will be heaven.

Several months ago, reviewing "Razzle-Dazzle," I singled out "Talking to You" for special praise. I found it in performance considerably superior to "Across the Board." But its ending, somewhat altered, failed to communicate the haunting beauty of the written version. This, it seems to me, was chiefly a matter of casting and direction. The young deaf-boy's appearance and voice (later, I understand, he was replaced, but only for legal reasons) were deplorably inadequate to his final desperate curtain lines; the entire final scene was rushed and confused; the translation of the symbolical midget policeman into a cartoon nazi was inexcusably meretricious; the Crow, although he physically fitted the part, lost the value of the moving lyric of the blind Tiger which should have been the climax of the first scene, and another scene was deflated when a microphone from the wings had to be substituted for his own singing voice. Canada Lee, however, was again superlative as the prizefighter bewildered by his instinct for virtue, and the other parts were adequately filled. In the case of this play, at least, the play wasn't responsible for its own failure. The author's direction was responsible.

Saroyan promises to revive his Theater when his checks stop bouncing. I hope he does. His influence has been a welcome and necessary tonic to the present-day stage. Perhaps all he needs is to stop reading his critics—especially his favorable critics. Saroyan's most successful plays are like the untutored watercolors of children who have not yet been corrupted by historical preconceptions. Persuade such a child that he's spontaneously producing great Art, and the spontaneity flies out the window.

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The New Moon

I WAS called out of town on the night that Joseph S. Tushinsky's Festival of Famous Musical Comedies unveiled its revival of "The New Moon" at Carnegie

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Hall. My delegate reports an audience highly appreciative of the New Orleans (1791) idyl concocted 14 years back by Sigmund Romberg, Oscar Hammerstein II, Frank Mandel and Laurence Schwab, despite—or because of?—its Calvin Coolidge aura. Romberg's "Lover Come Back to Me"—delivered by Ruby Mercer—is still a pleasure to whistle stumbling up the aisle after the final curtain. "Stouthearted Men" takes one forward into the Hoover régime. Wilbur Evans and Everett West likewise contribute appropriate summer-opera voices, and Teddy Hart takes expert charge of the laugh department. *(At Carnegie Hall.)* DAVID BURNHAM.

Heroes

THE very fact that it is called *"Wake Island,"* instead of "Heroes Die With Their Boots On" or "So Sorry Please," is indicative of the kind of film it is. "Wake Island" comes as close to documentary realism as Hollywood ever attains in feature films. This factual account of the Marines' heroic defense of the island between December 8 and 22 is practically without fictional plot. Frank Butler and W. R. Burnett wrote the screenplay, but the "original story" is rightly credited to the US Marine Corps. John Farrow's excellent direction allows no false histrionics, bogus villainy, cheap sentiment to mar the feeling for authenticity that his film has. Horseplay, fortunately kept down to a minimum, is handled by Robert Preston and William Bendix. Theirs is the kind of horseplay that no doubt does exist among the rank and file of the Marines, and in this case their brawling humor is necessary relief from the suspense, tragedy and pent-up emotional effect of approaching death. The slow deliberateness of the direction, the understatement in the script, the underplaying of the cast and the tense theme require this relief: for you could not watch many more scenes like the visit of Kurusu, the continued battering of the island with its sequel of death, the funeral of the flier who lost his life to sink a Jap cruiser. The whole film has a hardy lustiness which is due to the absence of women, the seriousness of the subject matter, Farrow's calm direction of his male cast. Brian Donlevy, Macdonald Carey, Walter Abel, Mikail Rasumny, Albert Dekker and a large group of minor players act like real men whose true patriotism without flag-waving no one doubts. It is the simple sincerity of Joseph Sistrom's production that make its emotional appeal so great. This sincerity is accentuated by irony: the room in which the Marine officers exchange toasts with the Japanese peace boys is the same room that becomes the hospital for the victims of Japanese perfidy.

However, if in preference to realism you like a fast-moving, superman kind of film, packed with thrills and hairbreadth escapes—the kind of movie in which American cinema usually excels, then *"Desperate Journey"* is the answer. Arthur T. Horman wrote his screenplay with a minimum of dialogue and a maximum of action. The Flying Fortress "D for Danny" is to fly to Germany to plant several sticks of dynamite at a certain railroad intersection near the Polish border. You see the nine RAF men accomplish their objective; you learn enough about the five, who remain after the plane crashes, to tell them

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apart and keep your interest in them. Although the film is well enough acted, it holds you not for its cast but because Director Raoul Walsh never allows your interest to sag, as he moves you quickly from one thrill to the next adventure. The five men become four; then three finally succeed in making their way through Germany to the safety of England. They manage to pick up valuable information in Germany and they manage to do some effective wreckage on the desperate journey. The escapers in this situation make no attempts as did "The Invaders" of several months ago to win the enemy to their cause. Their object is destroying and killing and we are shown plenty of that. The nazis are portrayed during the remarkable night flight scenes as ominous silhouettes, and during the day sequences as a powerful enemy—but not too powerful. Raymond Massey as a German major is the principal pursuer of our stalwart Rover Boys. The five desperate journeyers are an Australian (Errol Flynn), an American (Ronald Reagan), a Canadian bookkeeper (Arthur Kennedy), a Scotch veteran of the last war (Alan Hale) and a young English lad (Ronald Sinclair). This impressive group attempts to impress us not so much with their collective beauty as their virile daring and constant bravado.

It is unfortunate that our Hollywood friends can't take the golden mean a little more seriously and the middle path a little more often. The case in question is *"The War Against Mrs. Hadley,"* a film that comes very close to being an extraordinarily good movie. But its faults are in its excesses. Mrs. Hadley is portrayed as so staunch a Republican, so grande a dame in her ivory tower that her overly democratic change of heart, her overwhelming patriotism and her sudden understanding and feeling for the lower and middle classes is entirely without conviction. The same is true of her son who is such a black, no-good boondoggler on the Government payrolls that one cannot understand the motivations behind his desertion of drinking habits and the adoption of the ways of a good soldier. Except for the film's exaggeration and weakness of making black too black before December seventh and then white too white in the weeks that follow our entry ino the war, "The War Against Mrs. Hadley" is an exceptional and nobly-moving film. Fay Bainter plays the title rôle with gracious appeal. She is excellently supported by Edward Arnold as her contemporary who has been in love with her for years, Richard Ney as her son who is given a chance to stand on his own feet after he is drafted, Jean Rogers as her strong-minded daughter who marries a charming sergeant of Irish descent (played by Van Johnson, a newcomer of promise). The film's most honest characterization is Sara Allgood's portrayal of the Hadley girl's mother-in-law, who informs Mrs. Hadley in her solid manner that there's a war going on. Harold S. Bucquet directed this screenplay (which is an original by George Oppenheimer) in a slow and theatrical manner at first, and then he winds up with a gripping punch for the denouement. In fact the whole gets to be quite an orgy of mother-love and patriotic propaganda. Although the film will hold your interest, it is unfortunate that someone couldn't have tempered its stretches of exaggeration.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Elizabethan Commentary

Elizabeth: Creature of Circumstance. Hilaire Belloc. Harper. $3.00.

IN ENGLAND, this new "Belloc" was published under the title "Elizabethan Commentary," a more specific label than the American, which indicates a biography when actually the book comprises previously published articles. In their assembling neither the author nor his publisher has taken the pains to do the obvious and slight editing. This laxness gives the reader an unnecessary and inordinate repetition—thus Mr. Belloc not only reiterates in at least four of the chapters the fact that he has read Calvin's "Institutes," but re-treads more important history.

These exceptions aside, the book is intensely interesting for many reasons, not unimportantly because of the various angles at which Mr. Belloc has placed his camera in this portrait both of Elizabeth and her times. Many accepted ideas about the era are riddled and ridiculed. Thus, "The whole hypothesis of the Casket Letters business is too grotesque to be worthy even of ridicule." Mr. Belloc also shows no particular reverence for Mary Stuart: "Let is be noted here that Mary Stuart had no corresponding enthusiasm for Catholicism. In a sense she laid down her life for it, but not with any permanent consistency. She said with great truth on the eve of her death that she died the victim of her religion, but when she had an opportunity for showing principle in the matter she did not show it." The Reformation came to England, Mr. Belloc contends, not through any overwhelming religious emotion or enthusiasm, but on the wave of loot. "The Abbey Lands" logically and constantly recur as the basic explanation of all that happened. The pillager was the villain of the piece; newly enriched he and his kind naturally moved to preserve what they had taken, and the future history of England, both religiously and economically, was written in their terms.

Mr. Belloc's pertinent observations, his broad comprehension of history, his brilliant analyses provide the reader with constant delight and set him provocatively off on many original trails. So many fallacies have been frozen into English history, particularly that which concerns Elizabeth, that it is certain many historians would like to challenge Mr. Belloc. The stand-patter amongst them will turn purple; indeed there will be certain Catholics to lift eyebrows over the short shrift Mr. Belloc has given certain of their pet ideas.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Social Goals and Economic Institutions. Frank D. Graham. Princeton. $3.00.

A DOCTOR, an engineer and an economist were boastful of their respective professions. Said the doctor: "A surgeon made the first woman." Quoth the engineer: "An engineer put the world in order." Dixit the economist: "I am the one who created the original chaos."

It takes an honest man to review Dr. Graham's book. I read it twice, but books on economics, with such jargon as they use, are both illegible and darksome to a layman. Is there any objective reason for that?

The book was not written by a theologian, a scholastic

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philosopher or a logician. Hence accuracy, precision, consistency could not be expected, and in a sense and to a degree, the author should not be blamed for the situation.

He is a Freudian and a Malthusian. He is a New Dealer and a conservative. On page 10 he says: "The Christian ethic, as ordinarily interpreted, offers no solution to social problems," which proves him a poor interpreter of history. He uses the expression ". . . entry into the intolerable tedium of a riskless Heaven." He must not have seen "Green Pastures." Wouldn't he like a heaven like that?

One agrees with him when he says: "Free and equal access to knowledge is as important as free and equal access to natural resources." Also when he hints that "The development of an exchange economy opens the way to human exploitation. . . . Exchange relationships move in favor of those who can curtail the relative supply of the goods and services they have to offer."

He lists twenty-four ways of patriotically curtailing production for the sake of profit.

When the author says: "The 'independent' worker on his part has sold his birthright for a sour mess of pottage of illusory security," one is reminded of Dr. Brief's "The Proletariat."

The author has some very interesting proposals, among them a "Federal Recovery Corporation," which briefly means the storing of goods during depression periods, thus making continuation of industry possible when demand is lacking. He is opposed to the right of inheritance. He favors drastic control of patent rights, corporate privileges and real big business. He advocates ownership of utilities. He points to money handling in a very clear and unmistakable fashion. Read that portion. It is enlightening and authoritative. We would advise Senator Harry Byrd, that great champion of economy in government, to read one sentence on page 150: "Debts, and credits, can be indefinitely multiplied and might reach huge figures without any *necessary* disturbance to the economy."

L. G. LIGUTTI.

FICTION

Dollar Cotton. John Faulkner. Harcourt. $2.50.

JOHN FAULKNER is the younger brother of William Faulkner, the greatest living American novelist. Not only must every reader be conditioned by this, thinking that two such talents as William's could not occur in one family, but John Faulkner himself has been painfully aware of it to the point where this, his second novel, is, in its method, the exact reverse of his brother's. No writer in our time, not even Joyce, has gone so deeply and accurately—to the point of obscurity—into the mind of man as has William Faulkner. John Faulkner, in this second and rather disappointing novel, has not written more than six sentences of introspection. This is deliberate on the part of the author, who is dealing with the poor whites of the Mississippi Delta made rich by the boom in cotton which began during World War I. Possibly, Mr. Faulkner means to indicate that they do not think, and there is of course much to bear him out in this.

Otis Towne—the 'e' was added after money was made—his ex-schoolmar'm wife, his wastrel son, wanton daughter and Negro mistress, move like automatons through the book, with the Negress showing as by far the most admirable of the group. Otis is driven princi-

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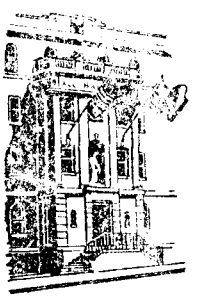

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pally by avidity, his family by what usually happens to families who acquire sudden wealth. Mr. Faulkner visits a virtually Biblical vengeance on all of them, yet never indicates that any of them were consciously malicious. Like all Southern writers— excepting the authors of the customary historical drivel dished out as novels— Mr. Faulkner is pro-Negro and is painfully aware of the long injustices done that race by his fellow countrymen. The whites were punished, Mr. Faulkner indicates, because the cotton they sold for a dollar a pound was raised by Negroes whom they tortured, cheated, degraded and virtually enslaved. Like his brother, John Faulkner has a strong moral sense but, like most religious writers in America, he applies it rather crudely in his work.

After his fine first novel, "Men Working," the best done about WPA, it is disappointing to find Mr. Faulkner resorting to coincidence and melodrama to attempt to achieve results which accurate delineation of character and a more complete understanding of the situation would have accomplished more truly. Mr. Faulkner tells us, once more, that the South is sick or worse, but he doesn't succeed in telling us why. Of all Southern writers, only William Faulkner has gone deeply into the Southern mind. But his younger brother's new novel is one more indictment by its own people of that undemocratic and unchristian (Don't write—telegraph!) part of our country known as The South. HARRY SYLVESTER.

HISTORY

The Challenge of the Greek and Other Essays. T. R. Glover. Macmillan. Cambridge. $2.75.

THE CHALLENGE of the Greek, to Dr. Glover's mind, is that we can recognize in him ourselves and our problems, but also a way of life and ideas so different from ours that it constitutes a challenge to re-examine our own, while his achievement is so great that if he differs from us, we cannot assume him wrong without thinking about the matter carefully. There are people who study the classic world as an end in itself: they do no harm (something of a distinction nowadays) and occasionally turn up an interesting fact. But there are also those whose study is life and who go to the ancient world because they find there answers to questions or qualities of life they find valuable. These are the essays of the latter sort of student. He likes Greek literature. But he is aware that Sophocles was a man, not a book, that Greek life was geography and ships, farming and trade, food and market places, as well as philosophy. One of the most interesting essays is on "Feeding the Athenians"; he writes not as an economist but as one interested in the business of living.

Dr. Glover published an excellent book, "Life and Letters in the Fourth Century," as long ago as 1901 and has not stood still since, so his essays are those of a full man. It occurred to me as I read them that that pleasant literary form, the essay *à la* Montaigne, full of experience, reflections and reading, is now written only by academic people. The professional writers seem to have abandoned it for the easier task of telling us what is wrong with the world and what society is to be like for the next hundred years. Dr. Glover, however, practices it with the nice eye for quotations that the form requires and a gift for an occasional phrase of his own. On the first page is a Greek proverb, "Like an Egyptian temple, all splendor outside, and inside a priest singing a hymn to a cat or a crocodile." "A clever man pointed out the contrast; it was the Roman who was celebrated for his Drains, the Greek for his Brains." And one of his own, "The mark of an educated man is that he never finally makes up his mind on any matter of first importance.

E. P. RICHARDSON.

WAR

How War Came. Forrest Davis and Ernest K. Lindley. S. & S. $2.50.

DURING the past four or five years so many things have happened that it is not surprising we do not remember some of the most important. This volume on the last two years of American activity in foreign affairs is startling the way its recalls to mind headlines long since forgotten. It serves a real purpose as a colorful review of these past two years.

As an objective evaluation of our foreign policy it is less serviceable. The authors frankly admire the leading American officials in question—personally as well as in their administrative capacities. The fault, whether it be of skill in handling matters or in basic intent, is always on the other side. And no mention at all is made of the conditions that enabled the nazis to come to power in Germany or the Kwantung group in Japan to seize and maintain the reins of power. But possibly this is what should be expected of "An American White Paper from the fall of France to Pearl Harbor." The theme is that we did everything possible for peace.

The opposition to war characteristic of any people is not given its true weight in regard to the United States. In fact, the authors say: "It seems clear that, during the entire crisis, the President lagged behind public opinion, reflecting rather than creating trends." Yet a hundred pages later the authors, in telling of the Gallup Poll in May, 1941, cite the following: "Whereas in April 87 per cent of the pollees voted against the abstraction, war, by May only 81 per cent did so." In view also of the controversy about our final notes to Japan, with their demands that the Nipponese withdraw from so many of their conquests in Asia, it would have been much more useful if the authors had cited them in full, as was done in the daily papers. Possibly the authors, in addition to their obvious political partiality, are so impressed with the evidence of guilt inherent in the efficiency with which the Japanese carried out their conquests that it is inconceivable to them that America be at fault at any point.

Once this book is recognized for what it is, however, it makes fascinating reading. The immediate past springs to life with scores of personal sidelights from the opening pages when Mr. Roosevelt is working on his stamp collection with Harry Hopkins lounging close by, on December 7, which serves as an introduction to the narrative to follow. "How War Came," though crammed with names and dates and conferences, is anything but dull. EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

BRIEFER

Agenda for a Postwar World. J. B. Condliffe. Norton. $2.50.

THIS volume by a professor of economics at the University of California, and dedicated to Cordell Hull, is hardly lively reading. It is brief and packed with solid ideas on what is involved if we are to win the peace. Its suggestions are anything but vindictive. Readers who push ahead despite the author's ponderous style will find much worth thinking about, especially on immediate post-war problems.

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The Inner Forum

New Military Academy

A MODERN college preparatory school with special stress upon science and mathematics and basic ROTC studies will open for its first term as Rhinecliff-on-Hudson, September 14. It is conducted by the Christian Brothers of Ireland, a noted teaching order, who also conduct All Hallows Institute in New York City. The new school is called Cardinal Farley Military Academy and it is under the patronage of Archbishop Francis J. Spellman of New York.

Cardinal Farley Military Academy has been established on the thousand-acre Duchess County estate of the late Levi P. Morton, who was Vice President of the United States under Benjamin Harrison. It was donated to the Archdiocese by his daughter. The estate includes a mile of Hudson River shore and is not far from Esopus Island, where Saint Isaac Jogues is supposed to have rested in the company of his Dutch rescuers after his escape from his Indian captors.

During the coming scholastic year classes will be limited to the seventh and eighth grades and the first and second years of high school. The course of study is designed to prepare the pupils for college entrance. Classes in the various subjects will be small and thereby provide considerable individual attention. Much care has been devoted to setting up a wide variety of athletic facilities. The principal of the new school is Brother P. E. O'Ryan, who graduated from the University of Dublin and secured a Master of Arts degree at Fordham University. Brother O'Ryan has taught in All Hallows High School in the Bronx and also in Montana. He has been principal of Leo High School in Chicago, and Dean of Studies at Iona College in New Rochelle, N. Y. Thus far the initial enrollment at Cardinal Farley Military Academy comprises some seventy students from eleven states.

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CONTRIBUTORS

Marta WANKOWICZ arrived in the United States only after her country had been overrun by the Germans and the Russians; she has been attending an American Catholic college and is now doing professional work for a professional magazine.

Dr. Albert A. BRANDT, teacher and radio commentator, is an exile from nazi Germany. He wishes to make acknowledements to Mr. Tetens, who gave him access to his excellent library of quotation material.

John Gilland BRUNINI is secretary of the Catholic Poetry Society of America and the editor of *Spirit*.

Rt. Rev. L. G. LIGUTTI is editor of *Land and Home* and has gained wide fame for his achievements with subsistence homesteads in Granger, Iowa.

Harry SYLVESTER is the author of "Dearly Beloved" and writes short stories in the popular magazines.

E. P. RICHARDSON is assistant director of the Detroit Art Institute.

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